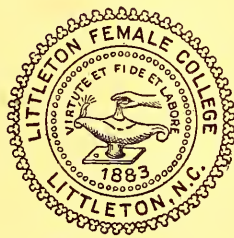


Clara Hearn

The Chatterbox

Volume IV

Number 3




JANUARY, 1910

LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

“I Chatter Chatter as I Go”



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MATTIE MOORE.

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 3.

Literary Department.

The Coming of 1910.

A. A., Ex. '10.

Soft and gray the clouds at bay o'er woodland, hill and dale,
Naught in quest, they gently rest, where clouds are wont to
sail.

Birds of prey now wing their way on toward a warmer clime,
Cold and still each brook and rill; hushed its simple rhyme.

The forest's bare, and none would dare to say it sighed for
leaves;

A fairer gown than green or brown clings tightly to the trees.

All around, upon the ground the crystal carpet laid,
So sparkling bright, all dazzling white, the fairies must have
made.

There is no mist, the air is crisp. O cold and solemn mood!
But beauty keeps the earth asleep and gently she is woo'd.

Then the air all humid grows, cold the night and chill,
Naught of life is stirring now, hush'd the busy mill.

Down from the sky, so weird and high, a million snow flakes
hail;

They drift and float each tiny boat, amid the wind's sad wail.

And hustle round upon the ground as soft as fluffy down,
Then nestle and sigh and snugly lie upon each graceful
mound.

Then again all seems to change, the high wind blows a gale,
Sends the snow to westernward; the moon comes thin and
pale.

The shadows lengthen, the night grows. Alloyed are pain
and joy within.

It's very late, the old year's gone, and this is nineteen ten!

Which?

FRANCES ABERNETHY, '10.

In a little college town in the north central part of North Carolina, a Senior was sitting in his room thinking of the past and dreaming of the future. His heart beat with joy as he thought that in less time than two weeks he would be at his home. He regretted leaving behind the happy days that he had spent on the old campus beneath the shade of the sheltering oaks, then his thoughts wandered to Dorothy. Could he leave her so soon after their engagement? "No, decidedly, no," his heart answered and, satisfied with the answer, he turned to look over his mail.

As he glanced on the table and saw a blue envelope, a look of amazement came over his face. He well knew what a blue envelope signified. Hastily breaking the seal, he glanced over the contents and as he did so, an expression of relief came over his countenance, for instead of bringing ill news, the envelope brought the information that the English examination had been postponed.

"By George," he ejaculated, "that's good news; now I can go to see Dorothy this afternoon with a clear conscience."

And off he skipped, whistling a love song as he thought of Dorothy, and his English examination. For this was the last examination he would have to stand and, if he passed on this one, he could boast of being a graduate of the University of North Carolina.

He whistled merrily as he walked along, and at last he reached Dorothy's home, which was situated in a grove of stately oaks behind which rose the crater of an old volcano in the distance.

Dorothy was sitting in a hammock reading when Jack came up and she made room for him beside her. He told

her the news concerning his work and, while they were making plans for the future, they quarreled—as lovers often do—over some silly nothing.

Both were firm, and at last Jack slowly walked back to the college to dream, in despondency, of the future.

The days passed drearily by, until the day set for his departure. He had packed his trunk and was preparing to visit, for the last time, the scenes of his college days when there came a tap at his door and a little messenger boy handed him this note:

“The English examination will be given in No. 24 of the East Building this afternoon at two o’clock.

JOHN SMITH.”

“Well,” he thought, “I shall have time enough to stand the examination and then catch the four o’clock train.” Then having nothing to do, he went to the post-office, where he found a letter in his box. Having opened it he read:

“DEAR JACK:—A mistake has been made and I must explain. Please call this afternoon at two.

If you are not here by two, I shall know that you do not care to hear my explanation.

Yours,

DOROTHY.”

He looked at his watch, the minute hand pointed to five minutes to two. Should he go to his examination and lose Dorothy, or go to Dorothy and lose the diploma for which he had toiled four long years?

And the question I leave with you, reader, is, did he go to Dorothy or the examination? Which?

A Character Sketch of Juliet.

GERTIE BATEMAN, '10.

"*Romeo and Juliet* is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for Juliet, this tenderest blossom of human life." Notwithstanding the fact that this blossom is frail and has the weakness that characterizes her sex, yet she is pure in soul and noble in spirit.

Juliet's parents are worldly, pleasure-loving people, and thus we find that from a mere infant she was not given the motherly care which is so essential to the perfect development of the child mind. Although her old nurse was devoted to her and did all in her power for her, yet the tender guidance and training of a mother, which is far different from that of a nurse, was lacking, and the child-mind was made less strong in the lack of this close relationship which ought to exist between parent and child.

One of Juliet's very marked characteristics is her girlish innocence and purity. Living, as it were, in a little world of her own, her innocence and purity of soul is not marred by the cares and strifes of the outside world. As yet she has found no one to share with her the delights and sorrows of the little world in which she lives, and to stir the passion which lies buried in the depths of her soul; but when Romeo comes into her Garden of Eden to share with her its delights and sorrows, her heart is stirred, the heartstrings vibrate, and the passionate love which has so long been dormant is aroused. The heart of each

"Responds as if with unseen wings
An angel touched its quivering strings
And whispers in its song,
'Where hast thou stayed so long?'"

In this great love which comes into her life, she does not try to conceal from herself the impulses of her nature, for we

find her in the "Hymn to the Night," thinking aloud, and her love thus expressed is fraught with purity, tenderness, self-forgetting ardor and constancy. Juliet is all and entire in every act of her soul; the wholesome and crystalline purity of her soul is flamed by no double self. This young love has, for her, all that is beautiful in the rose with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a deep-drawn sigh like the breeze of an Italian evening.

She who was but a child a few days ago passes with one bound, as it were, into a self-sustained, heroic woman. It is not until the marriage with Paris is forced upon her, that all her feelings as a woman, a lover, and a wife are thoroughly aroused. Because her heart is all truth, it stands a fixed necessity either "to live an unstained wife to her sweet love," or else to die. To arrest that which she deems an infinite evil, she goes to father, to mother, and nurse in succession; but it is not until she is cast entirely on her own strength that she finds herself sufficient for herself. But in spite of the great resolution she makes in taking poison, we feel that she is still the same tender, gentle being whose breath was lately so rich and sweet with words of love. It is thus through her great heroism, in this great trouble, that her womanhood is fully developed and she is thenceforth as strong as a Seraph.

We find Juliet's love not like the inconstant moon that nightly changes, but a love that is strong and pure, noble and elevating, a love that time nor eternity is able to change; an everlasting love; it is love that

"Alters not with its brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

A Letter From Home.

NETTIE CULBRETH, '10.

When one is sad and lonely,
And everything seems to go wrong,
And the birds that used to sing sweetly
Have lifted their wings and have flown,
What is there that changes one's feelings,
And makes all of life a glad song,
As a dear, sweet letter from mother,
A good long letter from home?

There are letters that make one jolly,
And letters that sound so sweet!
There are letters from aunts and cousins,
And others that are hard to beat;
But when all the world seems dreary
And all our pleasures have flown,
There is nothing that suits us exactly
Like a long, loving letter from home.

Edmund Spenser.

CORA WOMBLE, '11.

Edmund Spenser, the "Poet's Poet," lived at the time when the effects of the Italian Renaissance were being felt most in England. Being naturally of a poetic nature, one can see that he would have enjoyed living in the midst of the splendor and learning of Elizabethan England. This was not to be his lot, however, for not long after leaving school he went to Ireland, and that turbulent island was destined to be his home for the greater part of his remaining years. In the midst of uprisings and strife, this lover of beauty and learning did not allow himself to become despondent and give up his poetic taste, but here amidst the strife of rude people he wrote his best poem. *The Faerie Queene*. Spenser was the first of the Elizabethan poets, and so deep was his love for the beautiful and poetic that even in a lawless island that love was not destroyed.

Spenser is full of idealism or imagination. Instead of entering into the crowd himself and dealing with real objects, as Chaucer does, he idealizes his knights and their struggles and places them in fairy-land. In reading Spenser we can not enter heartily into fellowship with him, but always admire him from a far off, and reverence him as our superior, not placing ourselves on equal footing with him.

We are not often allowed to get very near the poet's real self. In some instances, however, we see his real nature. Some lines that he wrote after his failure to gain royal favor in England, when the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were published, show his extreme sensitiveness.

Although living at the time when the drama was very popular, Spenser was not a dramatist. He did not possess the qualities of a dramatist, but was a true imaginative

poet. His *Shepherd's Calendar* is a specimen of his pastoral poetry and is one of the best pastorals in the language. His disappointment in his love affair with Rosalind is brought out to some extent in this poem. His *Prothalamion* has been called the finest marriage hymn ever written. In all his works we see an ardent love of beauty. So great is this love of beauty in Spenser that the more poetic a person is the better he can understand and appreciate his works. For this reason he has been called the "poet's poet."

Few poets possess Spenser's pictorial power and melody of verse. So vividly does he picture his characters and objects that we can not fail to see them as he intended them to be seen. His love of melody and music are so strong that to produce perfect harmony he used a stanza never known before, but since his time it has been used frequently and is called the *Spenserian stanza*.

Although a man of unusual ability, Spenser was destined to live a sad life and at last to die in want. At the very time when he longed to be in England, where there was so much pomp and splendor, he was banished, as he says, to that turbulent island and forgotten. There his life was constantly in danger, and at last his home was burned by the natives. He barely escaped with his family and fled to London, where he died broken in fortune and spirit. He was honored, however, by burial in Westminster Abbey. Though living, he seemed to think himself forgotten, he was not, and is not to-day. He still lives in his works and is admired by all true lovers of the literature of imaginative, poetic beauty.

In The Rose Garden.

X.

It was twilight in the rose garden. The silvery moonbeams cast faint gleams of light among the dark shadows. The air was laden with the delicious fragrance of a thousand roses. Silence reigned supreme—there was the music of stillness in the garden.

Near the sparkling fountain stood a man and a woman. There was a question in his eager eyes. The woman picked a rose from a bush near by, a rose with silvery white outer petals and a warm, pink heart. For an instant she pressed it to her lips, then gently laid it in the man's hand.

"For always," she said in a low, sweet voice.

"My darling!" He swayed her to him and poured out his passionate devotion. Then there was silence in the garden again—the man's face was radiant—he had won, at last!

A haunting, sweet memory of another night, long ago, in the same rose garden, filled the woman's soul, but she held herself sternly to the present.

Caressing the rose, the man said:

"Love, I shall always keep this dear rose, your answer. Only I shall break off the thorn."

"Oh," she murmured, "do you always break the thorns from your roses?"

"Yes, Dear Heart, don't you?"

Her rich voice, with a world of sympathetic tenderness, thrilled him.

"No; I am a woman. I hold my rose tight; while the blood trickles, I smile and say, 'My rose has no thorns.'"

"It is better to break them off—a *man's way*"—he said,

lightly, and with that delightful sense of complete possession, ardently kissed her hands, as he bade her Good night.

In the rose garden Love wept; while Memory's thorns sank deep into the heart of the Beloved.

The New Year.

X. Y. Z.

A bright new year is here again,
Just starting off anew;
And I must work and play and sing
I've got so much to do.

Last year I said I'll do my best
I'll climb just one more round,
But somehow it was like the rest
For something pulled me down.

This year I'll start it all anew
Before the year has passed,
Because I've got so much to do
And did so little last.

Parody.

PAULINE VICK.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
College life is all a dream
When the bell disturbs our slumbers
Ere the daylight can be seen.

Even before the birds are singing
We are up and on our way
Making ready for a breakfast
Like the one of yesterday.

In the Chapel we're reminded
We must make our lives sublime,
But instead we leave behind us
On the walls poetic rhyme.

Then we think of cold December
Bringing round the Christmas tide
And we wonder if the College
In its walls our tricks will hide.

Then we sit and sadly ponder
Thinking o'er what we must do
To escape the coming zeros
That come not single nor a few.

Let us then be up and doing
Cramming early, cramming late
For exams, will soon be brewing
We must fill each empty pate.

The Chatterbox.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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WILLIETTA EVANS, '11, Among Us.		FANNIE RIVES VINSON, '10, Exchanges.	
BOYD THORNE, '10, Y. W. C. A.		REBEK JOHNSTON, '10, Alumnae.	

LILLIAN CHERRY, '11, Jokes.

Editorial.

New Year—Again we welcome the New Year with all its possibilities and opportunities. We begin with a page perfectly clean—marred by no failures. It is true that these are on the records of the past but we should not brood over past failures rather “let the dead past bury its dead.” In the beginning each of us should make good resolutions with the determination to stick to them, come what may. Resolutions, regardless of value in themselves, become worthless unless there is some effort on the part of the maker to keep them. By making and keeping good resolutions, we can make 1910 the best year yet—shall we try it?

Cramming—Examinations are now upon us and the cry “Work” is heard on all sides, but why should there be so

much? The student who has done her work well throughout the term will find that her task is not so hard—only a glance over the pages to bring back more vividly the ideas once impressed. But what of the task of the one who has neglected her duty and idled away her time? Perhaps in one brief day the entire text-book, scarcely seen before, is gone over, then the examination is taken and laurels won. Examine the same two girls a month later, the one who has studied and digested the lessons as they came, still has them in memory but the one who gained the examination laurels has forgotten all. It is a psychological principle that unless ideas are associated with some other ideas in the mind, they are of no value, and this can not be done unless time and careful study are given. Cramming not only fails to store the mind with knowledge, but also dwarfs intellectual growth. It inculcates the slovenly habit of careless reading, which is the drawback to scholarly attainment.

P. W. C. A.

BOYD THORNE, '10.

Sunday night, Dec. 5th, the service was led by Miss Kate Blakeny. Her subject was "Japan," and the service was very interesting. A reading, "The Story of a Japanese Girl" was given by Miss Mamie Massey, and there was a Japanese song sung by four little girls in Japanese costume.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting of Dec. 12th was led by Mr. Moyle, who gave us a fine sermon from the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." A solo was given by Miss Emma McCullen. The service was enjoyed by all, and we hope that we may sometimes have Mr. Moyle with us again.

Sunday night, Dec. 19th, a Christmas service was led by Miss Mattie Moore. Christmas music was rendered by the choir and there was a reading given by Miss Mamie Massey and one by Miss Hazel Jackson. The service was very interesting as well as helpful.

We have recently had a visit from Mr. Calahan, a missionary from Japan, who has been in the United States about a year. One evening he led our daily prayer service. At another time he gave us a very interesting account of Japan, its people and their customs, illustrating his talk with stereopticon views of that country. His visit was a source of great pleasure to us all, and our prayers and good will go with him as he returns to Japan.

Exchange Department.

FANNIE RIVES VINSON, '10.

The *Winthrop College Magazine* comes to us this time arrayed in a beautiful Christmas cover. Very often the beauty of a pretty cover is ruined by lack of the same attribute in its contents. Not so in this case, however, for the magazine is well worked up in every department and the Christmas spirit pervades the whole. We were especially attracted by the poem, "Things Ain't the Same"; the author must be a Southerner for she knows what lies next to the old darkey's heart and handles the negro dialect well. The story, "Many in One," also deserves notice for the reason that it is a well written love story.

The article on Imagination in the November number of *The Palmetto and the Pine* contains some very good thoughts. There are in it, however, one or two statements that might be called rash. For instance, there are very few people who think like the author that "a force little appreciated and generally scorned to-day is the power of Imagination." We can not say much for the story, "Bobby's Thanksgiving." It begins with the refusal of a young gallant by his fair lady because "he had never done anything to make one proud of him." The author, of course, does away with the difficulty and at length, by a wonderful athletic achievement, the rejected lover becomes a hero and she who demanded *so much* is satisfied. What grand ideas some people have of heroism!

The *Athenian* for November is very creditable. However it would be very much more enjoyable without the love story called "The Romance of a Senior." "My Opinion of the Sir Roger de Coverly Papers" is not so well expressed as it might be. Among the stories, "The Masquerade Ball" stands first both in plot and style.

Among Us.

WILLIETTA EVANS, '11.

Mr. W. J. Callahan, missionary to Japan, visited the College the first week in December. He gave several short talks on the work being done in the foreign field. These interested our girls, who are especially concerned about missions. His address on Thursday evening was illustrated by stereopticon views, which were taken from the everyday life of the Japanese.

Mr. R. H. Willis, the new pastor of the Methodist church in Littleton, has been spending several days at the college.

It was with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we heard Mr. Broom give his farewell talk in the Auditorium on Monday.

We were indeed grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Hepinstall for we feel that in her death the college has sustained a great loss.

Mr. Benjamin W. Norman, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. Wooten, of Americus, Ga., visited Miss Norman Saturday, Dec. 18th.

Misses Betts and Green will leave soon for Rochester, New York, where they will attend the *Students Volunteer Conference*. We wish them a most pleasant trip.

The Faculty and Student's Recital given in the College Auditorium on Friday evening, December the tenth, was a decided success. The programme rendered was as follows:

Dennee.....	Tarantelle (Piano Forte)
	Mary Maude Hamilton.
Alfred Wooler.....	Springtime (Song)
	Emma McCullen.
Eugene Field, The Moo Cow Moo	}Readings
The Sugar Plum Tree.....	
The Duel.....	
	Boyd Thorne.

C. S. Morrison.....	Meditation (Violin)
	Miss Brice.
Gabriel Faure.....	2d Impromptu (Piano Forte)
	Miss Ward.
Tennyson.....	In the Children's Hospital (Reading)
	Nettie Culbreth.
Eva Dell Acqua Villanelle.....	(With the Swallow) (Song)
	Miss Linthicum.
Mozart.....	Concerto in D Minor, Romanzo and Finale (Piano Forte)
	(With second piano.)
	Miss Sargent.
Eduardo Marzo.....	Oh! For a Dream (Chorus)
	(Chorus Class.)

Current Events

GERTIE E. BATEMAN, '10. HAZEL M. JACKSON, '11.

Commander Peary has examined the two Esquimaux who Dr. Cook says went with him to the pole. They have traced the journey on the map, and if their statements are true, Dr. Cook did not reach the pole. The people are trying to prove that the food which Dr. Cook says lasted him on his last "dash" could not have held out all that time. Both of these statements are quite serious.

There was published, on Nov. 20th, news that the U. S. Circuit Court of Missouri has decided against the Standard Oil Company in the suit brought against it by the U. S. government. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was declared very unequivocally to be a combination in restraint of trade, within the meaning of the Sherman Anti-trust Act, passed July 2d, 1890.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has announced his intention to devote \$1,000,000 to the eradication and prevention of the hook-worm disease. The hook-worm is a parasite of African origin that has been discovered and thoroughly studied by Dr. Chas. Wardell Stiles, of the U. S. Public Health and Marine Service. The scene of its operation is mainly in the Southern States where as many as 2,000,000 people are said to be affected. Dr. Stiles declares the cause of the disease to be soil pollution. Some think that the dreadful disease may be cured and if so Mr. Rockefeller's money may succeed in ridding the South of a most terrible disease.

We are glad to learn that the representative of the Chinese government have just signed a contract calling for the installation of two ten-thousand-line telephone switchboards for Pekin. It is believed that the invention will take, and the

Chinese will soon acquire the habit of ordering their rice and birds' nests over the telephone.

English astronomers have advanced the theory that Mars has turned yellow. That statement is evidence that England in chagrin over losing the north pole, is trying to steal a planet which we have always regarded as an American possession.—*Literary Digest*.

By revolution one does not always mean blood and steel, oftentimes they are merely changes in opinion and votes.

There may be, perhaps, next year, a revolution in England, as important as the Bill of Rights. The English people are seriously thinking about getting rid of their House of Lords. It is an obvious fact that England is growing more democratic each day.

Alumnae Notes.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot.?"

REBIE JOHNSTON, '10.

Miss Emma Wilcox, '09, is spending the winter in Richmond, Va.

Miss Pauline Cherry is teaching in Lewiston, N. C.

Miss Stella McCall, now Mrs. McCallman is living in Gibson, N. C.

Miss Nena Newsom, now Mrs. J. C. Williams is living in Franklin, Va.

Miss Nena Thorne, 1900, is teaching Latin in Port Arthur, Texas.

Miss Katherine Beardsley is teaching in Manson, N. C.

Miss Bettie Whitaker is spending the winter at home in Trenton, N. C.

Miss Willie Sellars, '04, now Mrs. D. L. Culbertson, is living in Rockingham, N. C.

Miss Viola Boddie, '86, also an alumna of Peabody Normal, Nashville, Tenn., is a prominent member of the faculty of the State Normal, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Mary Wyche, '89, is head nurse at Watts Hospital. Durham, N. C.

Miss Beatrice Jenkins, '03, now Mrs. Gamble sailed in '08 as a missionary to Korea.

Miss Ellen Gainey, '04, is a student at the Bible Training School, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Sallie Lowder, '03, also a graduate of Scarritt Bible Training School, Kansas City, is doing work at Roberdel, N. C., as pastor's assistant.

Miss Nettie Johnston, now Mrs. Matt Ransom, is living in Littleton, N. C.

Miss Margaret Hall, now Mrs. J. F. Newsom, is living in Littleton, N. C.

Have You Heard the Latest?

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Jokes.

LILLIAN CHERRY, '11.

Welcome Christmas, with all its glee,
Farewell Littleton! Don't you see! .
Jolly and gay we leave our den,
No more trouble 'till 1910!

* * *

Freshman to Soph: "Why are the Sophomores so anxious
for Christmas to come?"

Sophomore: "The reason's this, from chemistry *test*,
The poor sad Sophs will have a rest."

* * *

Senior Abernethy: "Say, Lil, let's give Miss H a silver
nail file, with her name embroidered on it."

* * *

Miss D: "Miss S, explain the figure of speech known as
Vision.

Miss S (quickly): "Vision occurs when one imagines he
sees something, when he really doesn't; people generally
have visions in dreams."

* * *

Senior A: "Say Bertha, have you ever heard the *parable*
on Annabel Lee?"

* * *

Heard on the music hall.

Freshman S: "Say W, how do you like Harmony?"

Freshman W: "I like it pretty well, but I prefer *oat*
meal."



Miss B.: "Ethel, what is a microscope?"

Ethel: Why-er it is something I'm going to take my clothes home in 'cause I don't want to be bothered with a trunk."

* * *

Miss H. in reading came to the word *Satan*, being rather timid, she hesitated, "Prof., how do you pronounce that?"

Prof. (quickly): "Oh, the *devil*—read on."

* * *

Mary: "Edna, please stop singing, you *upsturb* me."

* * *

Miss F.: "What is meant by our faculties?"

Dolly (Soph.): "Why it's our feet and hands."

* * *

Two bright Freshmen were discussing home-going. One remarked, "I'm not going to get a return ticket unless I can get a great reproduction."

* * *

While making iodine in the laboratory Miss Jones said, "Girls, iodine gas is very poisonous."

Miss Edwards (earnestly): "Miss Jones, will it hurt us to exhale it?"

* * *

Florabel: "Oh! we have been having the most fun down in the laboratory, bleaching violets."

Marie (earnestly): "What color were they after you bleached them?"

* * *

Senior J.: "Say, Miss Jones, I thought Easter came on Monday last year."

Miss Jones: "Why J—What do you mean?"

Senior (quickly): "Oh, of course it didn't, I was thinking of Thanksgiving."

Miss B.: "Who was our first president?"

Pupil (quickly): "It was Christopher Columbus."

* * *

A bright Junior remarked, "I like Chaucer because he is of such a humorous *temperature*."

* * *

Teacher: "Did you ever read 'Pilgrims Progress?'"

Sophomore: "Oh! that's where all those people were on their way to Canterbury, isn't it?"

* * *

Freshman B. wants to know what day of the month Christmas comes on this year.

* * *

She: "I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion."

He: "How long can you keep it up?"

She: "Oh, indefinitely, I guess."

He: "Then let's get married."—Ex

* * *

"Here's where I lose ground," said the tramp as he slipped into a bath tub.—Ex.

* * *

S. S.: "Some little boys are good, some bad. What kind go to Heaven?"

Boy: "Dead ones."—Ex.

* * *

A Wail From the English Department.

'Tis awfully discouraging
When "C's" forever come
And sometimes "D's," and oftener "E's,"
When English themes you're done.

And not at all regretfully,
She marks you down an "F"
When you have changed the subject, or
Have made up one yourself!

In that great big heart of Dargan's
In a secret little nook,
There's a red "A#" awaiting
To be placed in the grade book.

You don't know but you may get it,
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